

Good Morning

37

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

LAMBETH WALK COMMANDOS



"Right on the boko. Blimey, Cyril, that was a dandy," says Bill, O.C. Lambeth Walk Commandos, as he picks the plasticine from der Fuehrer's face.



Lambeth Walk (London) kids have formed a Commando unit for collecting war salvage. Here's their H.Q. and recreational centre. Target for to-day is—same as yesterday!

COLOURFUL O'HARA STARS IN PIRATE FILM

Twentieth Century-Fox's Technicolour adaptation of Rafael Sabatini's swashbuckling story of pirate-days in the West Indies. "The Black Swan" is said to be the biggest production of its kind ever to come out of Hollywood, and it is certain to get a good pre-release run in London, so you should have every chance of seeing it either in the capital or the provinces during the next six months.

The book itself, of course, is a classic. The tale has yet to be written that can match "The Black Swan" in virility, in the tempestuousness of its romance, the break-neck pace of its turbulent action, the fury of its stirring characters.

"The Black Swan" is set in the era when villainy wore a sash and cutlass, and the only political creed in the world was love, gold and adventure. It tells the amazing story of buccaneers, the ruthless seafarers turned loose by avaricious monarchs to waylay and plunder the ships of other equally avaricious monarchs.

The dashing role of Captain James Waring, a pirate who plunders a ship's prize or a lady's lips with equal abandon, would seem to be tailor-made for Tyrone Power. And who better for his two-fisted brother brigands of the sea, and the cinema's most villainous character actors—Laird Cregar, Thomas Mitchell, George Sanders, Anthony Quinn and George Zucco? And, once again the only female attraction in an otherwise all-male cast, as the lady with whom he falls in love, is beautiful Maureen O'Hara. Incidentally, "The Black Swan" marks the first time that Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara have been co-starred.

THAT Noel Coward man I as done it again. Once more he has made theatre history, and this time by writing two plays and producing and playing the lead in both on alternate days. The first play, "This Happy Breed," which is a saga of the suburbs, has sincerity, sentiment and homely wisdom.

It expresses much of the spirit of the Common Man of England between the wars. There is some sane patriotism at the end, which may cause the highbrow to sneer, but rounds the play off nicely for the great public.

Coward is the father of the family, and draws an admirable portrait, though why a man who lives at Clapham and has a good job in a travel bureau should wear a huge silver watchchain and wear boots with soles about an inch thick, I don't know.

Judy Campbell is the wife; a complete contrast to her sinuous vamp in the other play. It is a clever piece of work, and marks her out as a highly capable actress.

"Present Laughter," the other show at the Haymarket, is a brilliant, witty trifle debunking matinee idols and their pals. Noel Coward writes of what he knows with an enormous sense of fun.



TWO more films worthy of mention, which are also in London now, are "A Night to Remember," with Loretta Young and Brian Aherne, and "Lucky Jordan," with Alan Ladd in the main part. I might point out, by the way, the latter is not a sequel to "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." It is altogether different. It is similar in one respect though, and that is that it is new. To say it is one of the best and most original gangster yarns yet screened should whet your appetites sufficiently.

"A Night to Remember" was described by Norah Alexander in the "Sunday Pictorial" as being a "Wizard murder-mystery that will make anybody laugh and laugh and laugh." She added that it has the brightest dialogue ever to escape from Hollywood, and that its creepiness was not too creepy. I agree with Norah, except that I thought the dialogue was poor, and it was horribly creepy and not too funny. But that just goes to show that there's some truth in what folk say about one man's meat. Anyway, it might take you away from war for a while.

DESCRIBED as the biggest motion picture ever made, "Tales Of Manhattan," which is currently screening in London, certainly has some claim to fame. With nine stars, including Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Henry Fonda, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters and "Rochester," and 46 featured players, a few of whom are: Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Roland Young, Elsa Lanchester, George Sanders and James Gleason, ten top-notch script writers, two producers and one of Europe's most famous directors—Julien Duvivier—"Tales of Manhattan" is screen history.

The story tells of the adventures of a dress suit, which, starting as the property of a rich, romantic matinee idol, gradually does down the social scale, with comedy and pathos, stirring drama and sultry romance, ending up on the back of a scarecrow, in a negro sharecropper's garden. The music was composed by 22-year-old Sol Kaplan, winner of a Rome Scholarship, and by Robin and Rainer. Vocal arrangements were by Hall Johnson, whose choir is featured in the last sequence with Paul Robeson.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure; Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

William Congreve (1670-1729).

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).



Beautiful Maureen O'Hara—the only female attraction in "The Black Swan."

News o' the North

By F. W. REED

The Royal Victoria Infirmary at Newcastle-on-Tyne has a complete factory housed in the building. Welding apparatus, a forge, and lathes form part of the equipment. In another section all the floor polishes, ointment, scrubbing powders, ink, tablets and pills are made. Hundreds of patients have been fitted with splints or calipers from the workshop, hammered into shape on the small forge.

PLAIN SAILING TO HIM.

For 67 years, Bob Atkinson, of Winifred Terrace, Sunderland, has been making sails for ships. He is 81 years old now and he is still as busy as ever making sails, only they are for lifeboats now. He arrives half an hour early each morning to smoke before he settles down to work, right on the "dot."

Commonly known as the Heart of all England, Hexham, in Northumberland, has certainly put great heart into their efforts for the troops.

The schoolchildren are making splints, crutches, bedside tables, and woollen comforts. At Battle Hill House, over 900 yards of material is used every month for making garments for the wounded. The work is all done voluntarily.

Villages in the district have already been awarded gold stars for their part in the good work.

TINY AND TOUGH...

The smallest baby in the world when born—weighing only ten ounces—is now a fine strapping young girl of five years. She is Marion Chapman, of Tyne Dock, South Shields. For many weeks after she was born a doctor and nurse were continually attending her. Food was given in liquid form through a fountain pen filler.

her bed was electrically heated, and her bath was with olive oil.

Now she can be seen playing with the other kiddies in the street, enjoying the tumbles that are all part of children's fun. She is not quite so tall as a child her own age, but she is certainly as tough...

Birthday is on June 5th...

Small coasters are still braving the perils of the North Sea, hugging the coast with their precious cargoes of BEER for Tyneside.

Twice each week, the little ships tie up to unload 1,600 barrels, enough for two million glasses. Fair weather or foul, the ship is always on time.



"Charlie," our plastic model submariner, will now whistle "Gannan along the Scotswood Road to see the Blayden Races."

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—8

1.—The letters of the word MELODRAMA can be rearranged to make MADE MORAL. Can you make apposite anagrams out of PARISHIONERS and MATRIMONY?

2.—One of these words is misspelt. Which is it? Dauphin, Seleriac, Mulatto, Sleuth, Staccato.

3.—Can you change the word ELM into OAK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: HOOK into FISH; WHY into NOT; COAL into YARD.

4.—How many words of four letters can you make out of the word PENULTIMATE?

Answers to Wangling Words—7

1.—GO NURSE.
2.—Occasion, Azimuth.
3.—TREE, FREE, FLEE, FLED, FEED, WEED, WELD, WOLD, WOOD.
EEL, ELL, ALL, ALE, ARE, ERE, ERR, EAR, FAR, FIR, FIE, PIE.

PEN, PIN, PIT, FIT, FIR, AIR, AIL, ALL, ILL, ILK, INK.
ONE, ODE, ODD, ADD, AID, AIL, NIL, NIP, PIP, PIT, PET, PIEN, TEN.

4.—ARTICHOKE, BROCCOLI, TURNIP, PARSLEY.

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 7

Mysterious Clouds

ORDINARY clouds do not occur above a height of about seven miles, but occasionally mysterious cloud-like objects appear very much higher than this.

Mother-o'-pearl clouds, for instance, occur at about 16 miles, well up in the stratosphere, though they are extremely uncommon. They have been seen in Norway twice in thirty-six years, and elsewhere at even rarer intervals.

They may be of almost any typical cloud shape, but are suffused with brilliant rainbow colours which are constantly melting into each other, coming and going with an incredibly beautiful effect. They are not to be confused with the much less brilliant "iridescent" clouds, which are ordinary clouds tinged with the stationary colours of a halo.

Mother-o'-pearl clouds have never been explained, for they occur at too great a height for the water drops of ordinary clouds to form, but it has been noticed that their appearance always coincides with a peculiar condition of the weather. There must be a combination of an unusually deep depression, a rapidly falling barometer, and a hot, dry wind to prevent the formation of the clouds which normally cover the sky in these circumstances. That is practically all that is known about them.

Another cloud problem is presented by the Luminous Night Clouds which are seen at rare intervals in northern countries. They shine brightly, as if the moon were on them, in the middle of black, moonless nights, and were first photographed in Norway in 1909.

FIFTY MILES UP.

They have been seen in other parts of Europe, in Canada, and once in the Southern Hemisphere, and their height has been measured. There is no doubt that they occur fifty miles above the earth, at about the level where shooting-stars vanish.

Blue-white in colour, and

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

THE volcanic nature of this enormous excavation was proved on all sides. I pointed it out to my companions.

"Can you picture to yourselves," I asked them, "what this enormous tundish must have been like when filled with boiling lava, and the level of the incandescent liquid rose to the orifice of the mountain like molten metal on the sides of a furnace?"

"I can picture it to myself perfectly," answered Conseil. "But will monsieur tell me why the Great Smelter suspended His operation, and how it is that the furnace is replaced by the tranquil waters of a lake?"

"It is very likely, Conseil, because some convulsion made that opening under the surface of the ocean which gave ingress to the Nautilus. Then the waters of the Atlantic rushed into the interior of the mountain. There was a terrible struggle between the two elements, a struggle that terminated to the advantage of Neptune. But many centuries have elapsed since then, and the submerged volcano is changed into a peaceful grotto."



Our ascension continued. The slopes became steeper and narrower. Sometimes profound excavations lay in the way which we were obliged to cross. Overhanging masses had to be avoided. We crawled on our hands and knees.

But by the help of Conseil's skill, and the Canadian's strength, we overcame all obstacles.

However, our ascent was soon stopped at a height of about 250 feet by impassable obstacles. There was quite a vaulted arch overhanging us, and our ascent was exchanged for a circular walk. Here the vegetable kingdom began to struggle with the mineral kingdom. A few shrubs and even trees grew out of the anfractuosités of the sides. I recognised some euphorbias, with their caustic sap running. Heliotropes quite incapable of justifying their name, since the solar rays never reached them, sadly drooped their clusters of flowers, both their colour and perfume half-faded. Here and there chrysanthemums grew timidly at the foot of aloes with long and sickly-looking leaves. But amongst the lava streams I perceived little violets, still slightly scented, and I admit that I smelt them with delight. Perfume is the soul of flowers, and the sea-flowers—the splendid hydrophytes—have no soul!

We had arrived at the foot of a thicket of robust dragon-trees which had pushed aside the rocks by the effort of their muscular roots, when Ned Land exclaimed—"Why, here's a swarm of bees, sir!"

"A swarm?" replied I, with a gesture of perfect incredulity.

"Yes, a swarm," repeated the Canadian; "and the bees are buzzing all about it."

I approached and was forced to surrender to evidence. There, at the orifice of a hole in the trunk of a dragon-tree, were several thousands of the industrious insects so common in all the Canaries, and whose produce is so particularly esteemed.



The Canadian naturally wished to make a provision of honey, and it would have been churlish of me to refuse it. He lighted a quantity of dry leaves, mixed with sulphur, by means of a spark from his flint, and began to smoke out the bees. The buzzing gradually ceased, and the hive eventually yielded several pounds of perfumed honey, with which Ned Land filled his haversack.

"When I have mixed this honey with some artocarpus paste," said he, "I shall be able to offer you a delicious cake."

"It will be as good as gingerbread," said Conseil.

"Gingerbread let it be," said I; "but let us go on with our interesting walk."

At certain turns of the path we were following the lake appeared in its whole extent. The lantern lighted up the whole of its peaceful surface that knew neither ripple nor wave. The Nautilus kept perfectly still. On the platform and the shore

JANE



the ship's crew were working like black shadows clearly cut against the luminous atmosphere.

At that moment we were rounding the highest crest of the first layers of rock that upheld the roof. I then saw that bees were not the only representatives of the animal kingdom in the interior of this

having a gun in his hands. He tried to substitute stones for lead, and after several fruitless attempts he succeeded in wounding a magnificent bird.

We were now obliged to descend towards the shore, the crest becoming impracticable. Above us the gaping crater looked like the wide

From "Good Morning" Museum GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—3

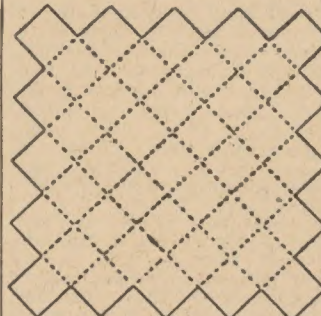


THAT'S fine, thinks George. But before I go out I had better warm my boots. No good getting cold feet. This weather is still pretty treacherous.

(These boot-warmers were really a kind of hot-water bottle. They came into use about 1840.)

volcano. Birds of prey hovered and turned here and there in the darkness, or fled from their nests perched on the points of rock. There were sparrow-hawks with white breasts, and screaming kes-

Can You Cut This Into a Square?



It is possible, with only two straight cuts, to divide this saw-edged figure into four pieces which, when fitted together, form a square. Can you show just where the two cuts are to be made?

trels. Down the slopes also scampered, with all the rapidity of their long stilts, fine fat bustards. I leave it to be imagined if the covetousness of the Canadian was roused at the sight of this savoury game, and if he did not regret not

mouth of a well. From this place the sky could be clearly seen, and I saw the dishevelled clouds running before the west wind touching the summit of the mountain with their misty fringes—a certain proof that these clouds were low ones, for the volcano did not rise more than 800 feet above the sea level.

Half-an-hour after the Canadian's exploit we had reached the inner shore. Here the flora was represented by large carpets of marine crystal, a little umbelliferous plant, a very good preserve, which also bears the names of "pierce-stone," "pass-stone," and "sea-fennel." Conseil gathered some bundles of it.

At that place opened a magnificent grotto. My companions and I were delighted to lie down on its fine sand. The fire had polished its enamelled and sparkling sides all dusted over with mica. We had been lying for an hour in this charming grotto. The conversation, animated at first, was then languishing. We began to feel sleepy, and as I saw no reason why I should not give way to slumber, I fell fast asleep. All at once I was awakened by Conseil's voice.

"Look out!—look out!" cried the worthy fellow.

"What is it?" I asked, raising my head.

"The water is coming up to us!"

QUIZ for today

1. By what names do we now know these countries: (a) Helvetia, (b) Gaul, (c) Scythia?
2. Whence does the loganberry get its name?
3. Where was the first gliding meeting held in England, and when?
4. How many capes in England are called capes?
5. Does Shakespeare mention billiards?
6. Who painted "The Fighting Temeraire"?
7. What is a yarborough?
8. What is sainfoin?
9. A well-known novelist invented the International Code of Signals for merchantmen. Who was he?
10. When did Einstein first publish his theory of relativity?
11. When did William the Conqueror first land in England?
12. What possession of the United States once belonged to Russia?

Answers to Quiz in No. 36

1. (a) Sir Walter Scott. (b) R. W. Emerson.
2. A native Australian dance.
3. From their grey facings, not from their grey horses.
4. A period of forty days.
5. His heart in Dorsetshire, his body in Westminster Abbey.
6. (a) The production of raw silk from silkworms. (b) Made white by being kept in the dark.
7. In 1912, at Epsom.
8. A cricketer of that name played for Surrey in 1850.
9. At the North Pole only.
10. Charles Coburn.
11. Joseph Korzeniowski.
12. Napoleon III, who served as a Special during the Chartist Riots of 1848.

I rose. The water was rushing like a torrent into our retreat, and as we certainly were not molluscs, we were obliged to fly.

In a few minutes' time we were in safety on the summit of the grotto itself.

"What was it?" asked Conseil.

"Some new phenomenon?"

"No, my friends," replied I; "it was the tide, the tide that almost caught us! The ocean outside rises, and, by a natural law of equilibrium, the level of the lake rises likewise. We have escaped with a bath. Let us go to the Nautilus and change our clothes."

Three-quarters of an hour later we had ended our circular walk, and were back on board. The men of the crew were then finishing taking the sodium on board, and the Nautilus could have started at once.

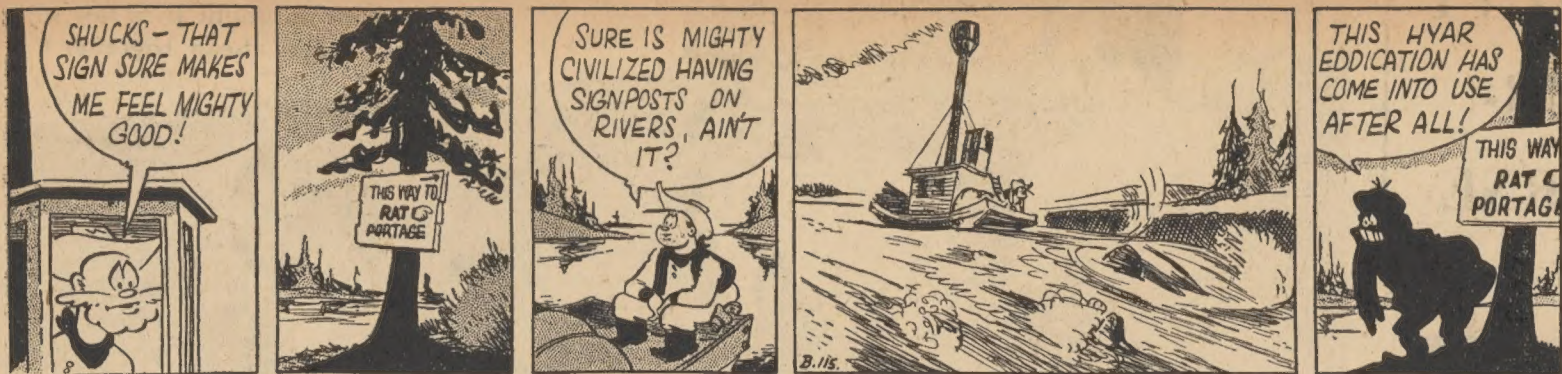
But Captain Nemo gave no order. Perhaps he meant to wait for night and go out secretly by his submarine passage.

However that may be, the next day the Nautilus, having left its moorings, was navigating far from all land, and a few yards beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

(Continued to-morrow)



Beelzebub Jones



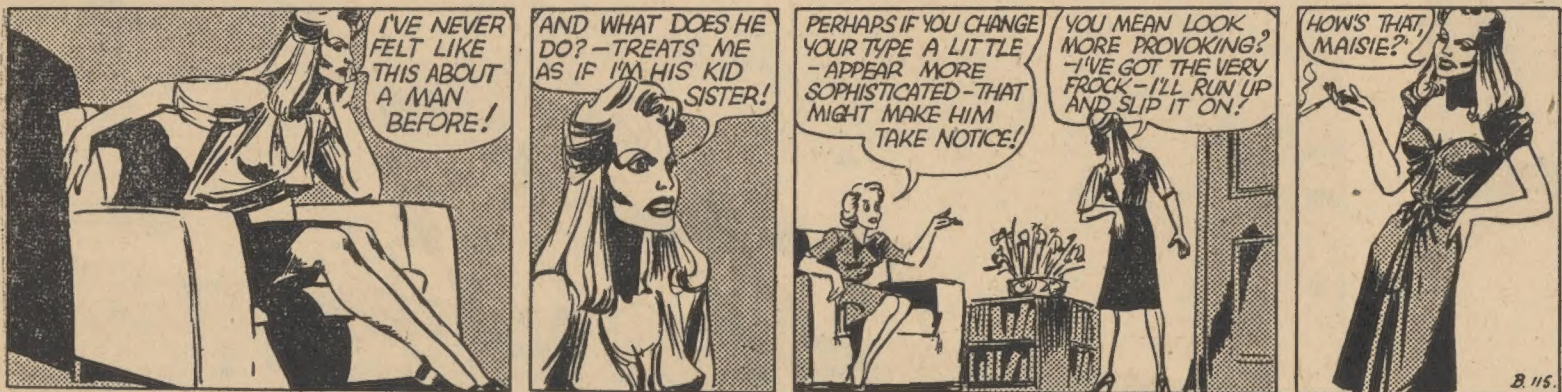
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



They say—
Do you agree?

REAL EDUCATION.
INCREASE in wages and decrease in hours will not of themselves make a brave new world. A revolution in education and a rapid housing programme must underpin anything of value in the post-war world. But education in the schools is not enough. Education in living must go forth to people in their homes.

Joan S. Clarke.

YOUR POCKETS.
I NEVER have anything like enough pockets. As civilisation grows more complicated it increases the paraphernalia necessary for the conduct of life, so that in order to escape disaster one must go about the world weighted with a vast accumulation of objects. Historians in the future may well note with pitying amusement the enormous variety of articles which a twentieth-century townsman has to carry about with him if he is to survive.

Prof. C. E. M. Joad.

YOUNGER M.P.s?
WHY not an age limit for Members of Parliament? That would bring them into line with ordinary folk who are expected to retire when they cease being of benefit to employers and to the community.

John F. Robins (S.W.11).

PRODUCTION.
EXPERIENCE has shown that the inventor, designer, scientist or pioneer is the last person to be entrusted under full working conditions with the production of the child of his inventive genius.

R. Warwick Dobson (W.11).

POST-WAR TEACHERS.
EVERY potential teacher should spend a year in what the 18th century called The Grand Tour, visiting most European countries, attending courses in famous foreign universities, and obtaining some knowledge of foreign languages and customs.

Prof. C. E. M. Joad.

NO INITIATIVE.
THE marked lack of initiative shown by so many intelligent people to-day is due to the neglect of character-building as an integral part of general education, followed too often by the premature projection of the adolescent into the industrial machine, to the stunting effect of routine and repetition on the mind and outlook of the individual—a result of the economic necessity to “process” everything at the expense of true craftsmanship and originality.

Lieut. E. H. Cavendish (Ilfracombe).

PLANNING FOR EVER.
OF the Four Freedoms—freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and fear—neither pair of freedoms is good enough unless the other pair is provided at the same time. If we do not keep this in mind we shall never think sensibly about the problems of planning. During all the rest of our lives the problem of planning will be the biggest political and economic problem in our laps.

Commander Herbert Agar, U.S.N.

The Super Brains Trust

GREAT men do not always settle our problems satisfactorily, and when we put the simple question, “What is conscience?” to some of them, they did not throw much light on the answer. Where do you think they got nearest to the truth? This is what they said:
Byron: “Man’s conscience is the oracle of God.”
Browning: “I think Byron is right, and conscience is a sort of beacon-light which God sets in our bosoms.”
Rousseau: “I should like to put that another way. I should say that conscience is the voice of the soul, just as the passions are the voice of the body.”
Everyman: “But these definitions are so vague; they don’t explain anything, they only give it a more fanciful name. I should like something based on reason.”
Dr. Johnson: “You are right, sir. We may take fancy for a companion, but must follow Reason as our guide.”
Coleridge: “Personally, I consider that conscience is just the pulse of reason.”

Samuel Smiles: “That is still too obscure. Can’t we say simply that conscience is the religious instinct?”
Kant: “It is the instinct we have to pass judgment upon ourselves according to moral laws.”
Locke: “Exactly. Conscience is merely our own judgment of the moral rightness or wrongness of our actions.”
Hobbes: “And in that case, just as a man’s judgment may be wrong, so his conscience may sometimes be wrong.”
Ruskin: “Of course it may be. People often imagine that if they act according to their own conscience they must be doing right. They say, ‘I must act according to the dictates of my conscience,’ as though that settled everything.”

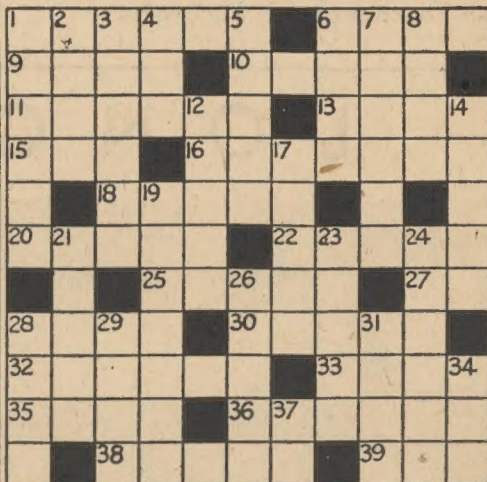
Everyman: “I always understood that to be a sound principle.”
Ruskin: “By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quite sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.”
Dean Swift: “I deny all that. Conscience signifies the knowledge which a man has of his own actions.”
Augustine: “That depends on what you mean by ‘knowledge.’ I think conscience is rather a kind of feeling which deals with the goodness of our actions, just as taste is a kind of feeling which deals with beauty. It is, at any rate, a very primitive faculty.”
Kant: “It is an instinct—not just a faculty. If it were, it could be developed by art and education, and, indeed, many have held this, and have argued

that conscience judges and sentences by force of habit. But this is plainly false, since it means that an uneducated man could escape the stings of conscience.”
Everyman: “These philosophical speculations are all very interesting, but hasn’t modern science discovered anything? What do the psychologists say?”
Freud: “Science can’t claim to have proved anything, but I think that conscience is a relic of the ancestral taboos, which were prohibitions against those anti-social actions which we found particular pleasure in doing. The desire to do them remains hidden in our unconscious minds, but the taboos persist as conscience.”
Well, those are the suggestions. What do you think conscience is—a divine voice, a faculty of moral judgment, an instinct, a form of knowledge, a good habit, a feeling, a kind of reasoning, or an inherited system of taboos? Or can you think of something else?

“Wisdom is the only thing which can relieve us from the sway of the passions and the fear of danger, and which can teach us

to bear the injuries of fortune itself with moderation, and which shows us all the ways which lead to tranquillity and peace.” Cicero.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**
1 Span.
6 But.
9 Long, narrow mark.
10 Love much.
11 Spills.
13 Melody.
15 Remuneration.
16 Enfeebles.
18 Lacking warmth.
20 Silk fabric.
22 Immerse.
25 Disprove.
27 Pronoun.
28 Makes weary.
30 Leaves out.
32 Stir up.
33 Disadvantage.
35 Part of shoe.
36 Ceremonial.
38 Regale.
39 Rugby score.
Solution to Problem in No 36.

CHORE JESTS
HARE GENIAL
EMBED TANGO
SPIKED MUST
SET LIMES H
R CAVIL C
B FOYER GAB
OPAL STRATA
LULLS HALTS
UNSAID SOLE
STERN UPPER

- CLUES DOWN.**
1. Hoodwinks. 2. Mellow. 3. Small invertebrate. 4. Scottish river. 5. Picture support. 6. Seep. 7. Apprehend. 8. Rib of leaf. 12. Coll. 14. Fire residue. 17. Autograph book. 19. Hairy. 21. Conscious. 23. Sloping. 24. Mounted soldier. 26. South Africans. 28. Yellowish-brown. 29. Outdoor game. 31. Solicit custom. 34. Willy. 37. Pronoun.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

BEAUTY AIR- BORNE



There are still a few sandbanks left to these fair holiday-makers—and the spirit to enjoy them has been sharpened by war-work.



GROUP UP—

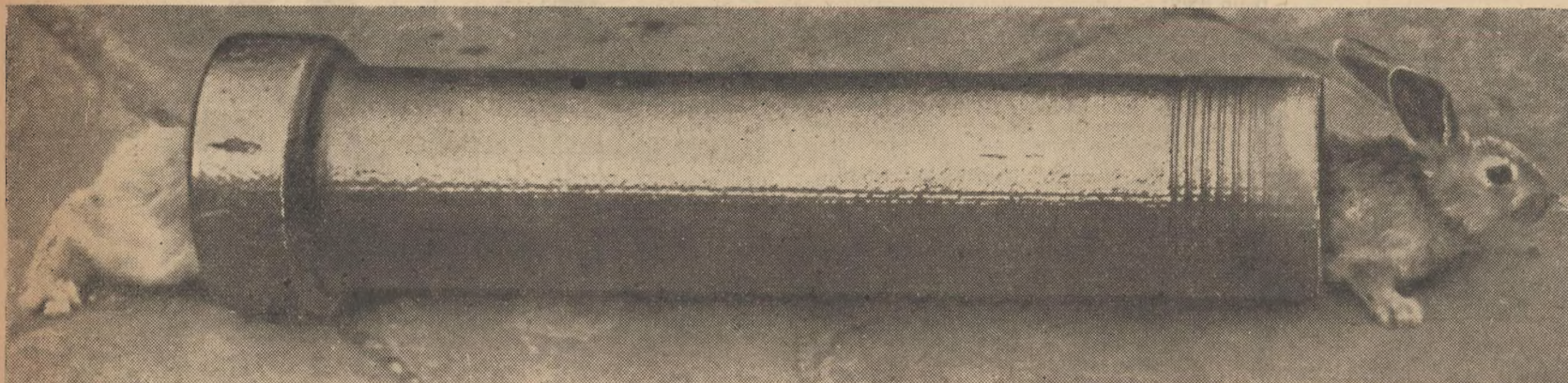
And no doubt in a few minutes—ahead together!

This England



Skyline in Yorkshire—where the horses go towards home and rest after a day's work.

LONGFELLOW!



We could use a few this length for a pie—if we could find them. There are actually two rabbits here, of course.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"If I had that one I could make both ends meet."

